THE LENTEN SACRIFICE

Sunday morning never found Mrs. Smith absent from her pew.

Accompanied by Mr. Smith and Master Smith she sat in the sanctuary through every service. The head of the house was content to officiate during the offertory. His tithe having been dropped on the plate, he sank into quiescense to appear publicly in one week at the same hour and place. He must have held private mid-week tithings in his own home or the presiding genius of his fireside could not have been the loyal advocate of the secular work of the church that she was.

Her Sunday school class loved her. It was never necessary for the superintendent to look up a supply. Mrs. Smith with her armful of books was always in her place even before the class gathered.

She attended the weekly prayer meetings as a matter of course. Her name was on the roll of the foreign missionary society, the south side circle, the woman's club of the church and the ladies' aid society. Central circle claimed her also because she lived on the boundary of that and the south side circles. She was really a member of both.

Still Mrs. Smith was not a church manager—only a humble follower of those worthies according to the dictates of a Twentieth century creed. One could always rely on her aid in advance in any undertaking. She was much sought after—and always at work.

Easter brought many tasks into the Smith Household. The circle had planned a bazaar to be followed by a supper for the entire church. Mrs. Smith was appointed on several of the committees and she never slighted her work.

Master Smith had inherited his mother's genius for making friends and for two weeks had been steeping eggs in dyes of wondrous hues. All the old cups in the pantry were some shade of purple, red or blue and all the tables were covered with wonderful creations of shell and ribbon.

His mother dropped a bead collar she was laboriously constructing for the bazar one afternoon at the sound of a tremendous din and splashing in the kitchen. Arthur was standing in a puddle when she arrived, dripping with Easter offerings which had not yet been blown. She was on the point of using harsh speech when her eye fell on a motto her son had prepared with elaborate care. The words "Christ Is Risen" glared forth from beneath a coating of whites and yolks of Easter eggs. So she comforted the soaked youngster, wiped up the muss and returned to her stocks.

Mrs. Smith paused frequently to consult a list that afternoon. At intervals she took a pencil and scratched out a name.

"Christmas, New Years, St. Valentine's day, Easter and only a month before May day with its baskets," she sighed and looked at a small pile of labeled tissue-wrapped packages that she had prepared that morning.

The telephone bell rang and word reached her that her dressmaker would see her at 9 o'clock the next morning. She resumed her bead work hurriedly.

The next morning just as she was getting ready to leave for the dressmaker's, the president of the circle called. She had been bustling about the city arranging donations for the supper and came to Mrs. Smith to complete her plans because she knew that Mrs. Smith could think of everything at one sittin.

"Let the dressmaker wait," said the president. "You'll wait anyway when you get there. You might as well do it here and accomplish something."

So in a moment the two were deep in the plans of a big church supper. It was fixed this way:

Mrs. A, Mrs. B, Mrs. C, were to bake cakes. Mrs. D was to be asked to do so and if she was too busy she was to give money. She always had so much to do for she ran the ladies' league for city improvement and it was giving the town a few Easter fur-belows.

Mrs. E. was to hustle around and send to the church three gallons of mashed potatoes, hot and ready to serve. Arthur was to lug the potatoes to the church for Mrs. E, unfortunately—for Arthur—was childless.

Mrs. F had promised to make the salad if Mrs. G would provide the salad dressing. They had done this at the feast of the missionary kensington and it was lovely. Dr. X had complimented the salad on that occasion particularly.

Mrs. H. was the most expert bread maker in the church and she had agreed to perform the herculean task of sending twenty loaves of home made.

"Isn't she just a dear woman!" exclaimed the president.

"It's lovely of her. And with all she has to do, too—eleven in her family, you know."

Mesdames J, K, L, and M had large stocks of sauces, pickles, jellies and jams which they had volunteered to donate.

"Arthur can make another trip for these when he takes the potatoes down," said his mother.

"So good of you, Arthur to help," said the president as the lad entered the room to ask permission to go with a gang of boys to play ball in the next block.

"He'll make a church man like his father if he continues to take an interest in religious affairs," she added, addressing Mrs. Smith.

The reference to his father didn't appear to soothe the boy's feelings.

"And we mustn't forget Mrs. O. She will loan us table linen and vases for the flowers. You know she's a member of the society of Ancient Religions and when I called, she was writing a paper on 'Metempsychosis. She's such an earnest woman."

"You haven't solicited all the meat," said the practical Mrs. Smith.

"No, ont all. I left the last ten pounds for you. But I'll cook it if you will get it. I've a new range and it works beautifully."

And this was settled. Then the ladies had an argument about reaching the church earlier in the afternoon in time to superintend the kitchen. It seemed that each of the two and several of their friends were to attend luncheons that afternoon and would be delayed. This was left up in the air, both being confident that is they did not arrive in time the Lord will provide.

"Well, we'll simply have to put in a dollar each all around," the president said as she departed. "Oh, there are so many demands on one nowadys."

Mrs. Smith returned from the dressmaker's for a late lunch and she was tired out. A telephone call from the president dragged her out almost before she donned her gingham. Mrs. D, it seemed, could not bake a cake as she had done so much for the missionary kensington two days before and had completely neglected preparing her Easter gifts. Would Mrs. Smith please put in a little more material at her own Sunday baking and turn out an extra cake?

"Oh, the awful woman," protested Mrs Smith.

"You know you have a reputation for doing two women's work," wheedled the president. "How you accomplish it so easily, I cannot imagine. I'd do it only I have the mat and the responsibility of the whole supper."

"Well," assented Mrs. Smith slowly. "But I'll remember Mrs. D."

Several weeks before she knew there was to be a church supper Mrs. Smith had arranged for a little afternoon gathering at her own home on that same day. After the news of the cake, she sat down to figure out if possible a program. She was president of a neighborhood club that was to meet on the night of the supper and she desired to attend a lecture that night with Arthur. She studied a good long while and went about her house talking over a lot of "ifs."

The night before the supper she took up the neglected burden of cake making, that pressing social duties had forced to wait till the last. Between vicious little jabs that she gave the dough as she stirred it in the bowl, she studied over a schedule of the next day's refreshment menu for her own gathering and planned how to get her guests out of the house decently in time to permit her to reach the church by 4 o'clock. By midnight the contribution to the supper was out on a cake board, properly iced to cool and harden.

Arthur was a busy boy next day.

"Why do you belong to so danged many societies?" he asked of his mother as he started after the potatoes, the jellies and the vases. "I suppose it's for the good of the cause," he added with all the sarcasm a boy of twelve can put in detestation of a task he abhors.

For once Mrs. Smith had little to say. She patted her son's cheek and promised to let him go to a basketball game. Somewhat modified he left.

It was after 10 o'clock that night when an up-to-date church woman saw the last dish washed in the church kitchen and long past that hour when she rested her head on her pillow under which rested $37, the receipts of the supper.

She dreamed and had a vision of the Master in the mountain where the Jews to the number of 5,000 had followed Him before the feast of the Passover. The vast assemblage was seated on the ground and He held five barley loaves and two small fishes and was blessing them. The disciples distributed the loaves and fishes.

The verse in St. John describing the scene came to her mind in the dream.

"And they gathered them together—and filled twelve baskets with the fragments—"

"Of roast beef, cold ham, mashed potatoes, tongue, jelly, vegetables, tomato catsup, cake, coffee, tea and ice cream," that was the way the dream god finished the verse.

She was restless in her sleep.—G. F. F. in Nebraska State Journal.

THE KOREAN IMPERIAL FAMILY.

...e origin of the Corean imperial family, which is just at present experiencing the pressing attention of both the devil and the deep sea, is sufficiently picturesque—that is, if it is possible to believe the legend which relates it. It seems that the favorite wife of the king of a certain province in north China was walking along the banks of a river, when she noticed something approaching with the current. The something proved to be a large egg, from which, when it was broken, emerged a boy child of great beauty. She carried the infant to the king, who seems, however, to have been of a skeptical turn of mind, for he order the child to be at once thrown into the royal sties, which housed a peculiarly savage breed of pig. Far from killing the child, however, they lavished porcine attentions upon him, which, being related to the king, caused al mto repent, to have the child brought back to the palace, and to name it "Light of the Orient." The boy grew up to so many virtues and other excellencies that the king again grew jealous and sought his death. The young man heard of it and fled. Closely pursued, he arrived at the Yalu river. Te fired an arrow into the water, and at once a great shoal of fish appeared, and formed themselves into a living bridge, over which he crossed the river in safety. On the other side he found an amiable nation who elected him their king, and from him the present dynasty is descendant, or purports to be, which is much the same.—Manchester Guardian.

ANIMALS AT SEA.

A French scientist has made some interesting observations as to the behavior of different wild animals at sea. The polar bear, he says, is the only one that takes to the sea, and is quite jolly when aboard ship. All others violently resent a trip on water, and vociferously give vent to their feeling until seasickness brings silence. The tiger suffers most of all. He whines pitifully, his eyes water continually, and he rubs his stomach with his terrible paws. Horses are very bad sailors, and often perish on a sea voyage. Oxen are heroic in their attempt not to give way to sickness. Elephonts do not like the sea, but they are amenable to medical treatment. A good remedy is a bucketful of hot water containing three and a half pints of whiskey and seven ounces of quinine.—St. James's Gazette.

INFERNAL MACHINE

Anarchists Conceals One in His Trunk at Hotel.

EXPLODES PREMATURELY

Kills the Plotter and Destroys All Evidence.

St. Petersburg, April 14.—An anarchist named Kazanoff, stopping at the Hotel Du Nord, on the Nevsky Prospect, concealed an infernal machine in his trunk. It prematurely exploded last night. Kazanoff was blown to pieces, the ceiling and windows of his room were smashed, several persons were injured and fire broke out in the hotel. The flames were quickly extinguished. The police found no evidence of a plot. The man arrived at the hotel yesterday morning with a trunk and hand bag. He went out in the afternoon and returning at 5 o'clock remained in his room thereafter. Evidence of the Anarchist's identitywas destroyed in the explosion, which shattered the adjoining rooms. Among those injured was a naval cadet.

THE GIBRALTAR OF JAPAN.

...moji is the Gibraltar of Japan.

Whether you arrive by land or by sea, the place gives an immediate impression of culminating majesty. Great hills tower up in every direction, and behind them lie snow-clad mountain peaks proudly topping them.

Here and there you spy openings on the rocky shore—artfully-concealed natural harbors. A well-protected channel takes you into the bay of Shimonoseki itself, and here, after a short journey, you come on the twin towns, Moji and Shimonoseki, on either side of the bay.

The hills, black and lined with mist, stand grimly around. Stacks of Titanic chimneys on the low levels of Moji vomit forth thick smoke, recalling the horrors of Pittsburg. Ten thousand craft from the 8,000-ton Harland & Wolff steamer to the antique junk, lie packed around. Stacks of coal, almost mountains in themselves, are one great center of work. An almost unceasing succession of trains adds to them, while myriad workers bear the accumulating loads to lighters near by. The locomotives you notice are Baldwins, and the coal trucks are the newest pattern—steel, automatic emptying. The open fires burn weirdly on the native boats. There is a feeling of haste in the air.

In the harbor, both on the Moji and the Shimonoseki sides, the native craft are emptying and filling with great speed. Packers covered with matting are being swung on the backs of tireless coolies or swung on ever-moving cranes. In the deeper water great steamers are lying, surrounded by coal barbes ,and an army of women and men are coaling them by hand with a rapidity no machinery can rival. This is not the sleepy Orient, but has the spirit of the bustling west.

The multitudinous junks themselves are well worth notice. The rule here seems to be "one junk, one family." The family live continually on the great angular, unpainted boat, the wife helping at the tiller as she carries her baby on her back, and the children playing around. Here is a junk so large that half-a-dozen households could find room on it; here one so tiny that its poor owner and his wife and children can only find room to sleep at night by pulling matting over the bare deck. This junk is outwardly the replica of the old Spanish galleon, and this is the image of the pictured pirate craft which awesomely rejoiced one's boyhood days. The sails of yonder craft are quilted like the curtains in a West Hampstead lady's drawing room. Many have a distinctive note of their own, proclaiming them the pride and boldfast of their inhabitants.

Some may grow enthusiastic over the nimble women who fill the bunks of the steamships with coal. I cannot. Seen from the steamer's deck, their appearance, as they stand in long lines passing up the small baskets of coal, no doubt has a touch of picturesqueness. A nearer view spoils the effect. They are adult women, all amazingly short and sturdy, all stunted in growth and aged in looks by sever and constant toil unsuited for their sex. As one watches the weaker of them drop down on the deck of their barges, exhausted after their work is done, the sense of the picturesque dies.

It is hard to realize that around here is one of the best fortified spots on earth. Every trace of the gigantic military and naval preparations now proceeding in the neighborhood is as carefully covered as possible. The hills around are honeycombed with forts and protected by artillery at every point, but one looks in vain for the guns. The supplies now being landed from a thousand junks are, every one is aware, for military use. But there are no men in uniform supervising. Tens of thousands of troops lie ready within a brief march; but there is not a soldier on the streets. This scenery, at least, is typically Oriental.

Those who are enraptured with the poetic side of Japan would receive a shock from the streets of Moji or its sister town Shimonoseki. They are as prosaic and as dirty as those of the worst parts of the Black Country. Everyone bears the traces of toil. The streets are narrow and tortuous, and have that indescribable "slummy" smell (the nearest approach to a description can be a combination of the odors of boiled cabbage and spilled paraffin) familiar in the back streets of London. The children too often show plain traces that their mothers are busy at other work than caring for them. The roadways are without footpaths, and on wet days are anything but pleasant. Drainage is exceedingly primitive. Every shop has its front open all day, even in these winter times.

The streets are ever a tangled confusion of pavement merchants, of patient coolies carrying heavy burdens, of laughing children, of rare horses or cattle carrying provisions, of shouting 'rickshaw men. Even here, in a place where foreigners are counted by the units, many of the men, but practically none of the women, have put on European garb.

Shimonoseki and Moji have been the center for two of the most momentous events in modern Japanese history. It was here, in 1863, that the fleets of the great powers came to punish Japan for some offenses against foreigners. Many men still living near by took part in that conflict, and they say (whether rightly or not, I have no means of knowing) that the Marquis Ito himself was among the defenders. The fleets shelled Moji, and the people mounted their batteries and vigorously replied. But very Japanese shot fell short. The result of that bombardment was not merely local ruin at Moji, but stretched out to the overthrow of the old Japanese feudalism and the inception of a new ideal of an Occidentalized Orient.

It was, therefore, fitting that this same bay, which had witnessed the humiliation of the old, should be the scene of the crowning triumpo of the new. Ten years ago Japan proved, by force of arms, her power to enter the ranks of the world-nations. China lay defeated before her despised rival, and it was to Shimonoseki that Li Hung Chank, China's envoy, came craving, and obtaining, peace.

It was the triumph of the new Japan, a triumph which every Japanese believes will be repeated in the near future over a greater rival. The people here have faith that as the triumph of 1894 wiped out the bitter memories of 1863, so shall their coming conquest make even the glories of the last victory fade. For the modern Japanese does not hope for victory; he is firmly convinced, whether coolie or soldier, that anything except victory is now impossible for his nation. —London Daily Mail.